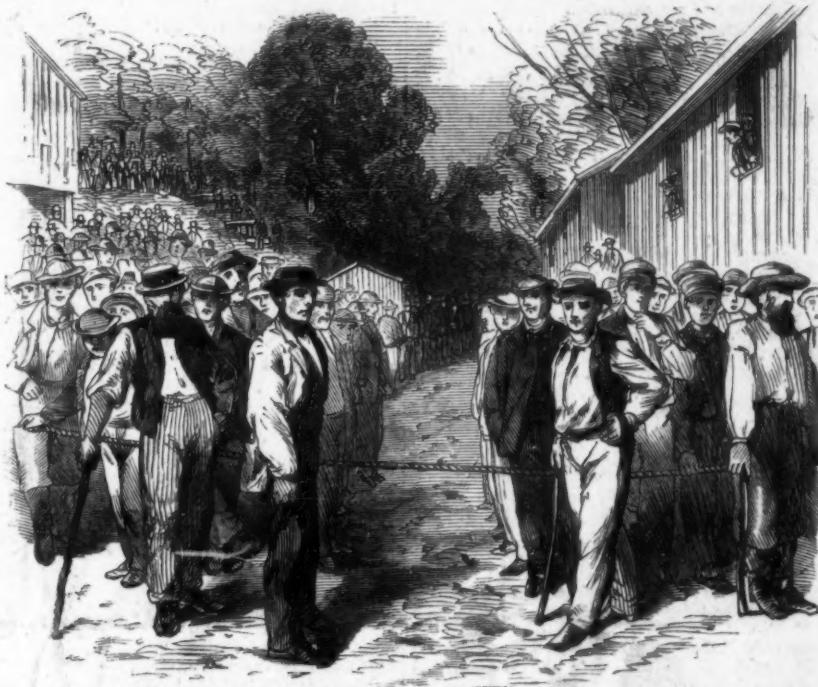


THE  
**COAL MINE CALAMITY**  
**SUPPLEMENT**  
**FRANK<sup>T</sup> LESLIE'S**  
**ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.**

GIVEN GRATUITOUSLY WITH FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.



THE CORONER'S JURY VIEWING THE DEAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.  
SEE PAGE 21.



FRIENDS OF THE VICTIMS VIEWING THE REMAINS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.  
SEE PAGE 21.



THE WIDOW IDENTIFYING THE DEAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 21.

## THE SEA-BIRDS' HAUNT.

WHERE the higher cliffs mount, spar by spar,  
to the clouds,  
Till their peak show like masts among wind-  
swollen shrouds;  
Where the lower cliffs plunge sheer down to  
the bay,  
To bound off in boulders far out in the spray:  
It is there,  
In mid-air,  
When the evenings are fair  
That the sea-birds flock home to their crag-  
hidden lair.  
  
Where the sound of the wind, as it sings  
through the caves,  
Echoes up with theplash of the murmuring  
waves;  
Where the creaking of pinions is heard  
through the roar  
Of the sea far below as it booms on the shore:  
There they fly  
On high  
And ceaseless cry,  
Ere they make for their aerie betwixt sea and  
sky.

Where the white rocks are flushed with the  
setting sun's beam,  
And the samphire flower glows with a golden  
gleam;  
Where the foam that rides in on the emerald  
tide  
Now blushes, now pales, like a bashful bride:  
There they whirl,  
And swirl,  
All silver and pearl,  
And a league of pink wings to the waters  
unfurl.  
  
O man! soulless man of the slaughterous  
will,  
Taking life in mere wantonly test of thy  
skill!  
Whence comes thy commission to break up  
the bliss  
Of a scene so surpassingly joyous as this—  
To stand  
On the strand,  
And, with murdering hand,  
To thin out with death-spray thy feathery  
band?

## The Hidden Treasure.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

## PART I.

## CHAPTER I.—WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

HALF-PAST nine in the evening, and still no  
tidings of the lightning express, which was due  
at La Grange over an hour ago.

The twenty odd passengers, who were impatiently looking for its coming, were pacing  
back and forth, stamping their feet—for it was  
a cool night in autumn—some smoking, all  
grumbling, and most of them denouncing the  
railroad authorities who had allowed this dereliction  
of duty to occur on this particular night  
of all others.

On one of the side tracks lay the eastern-bound  
freight train, where it had lain for over  
an hour past, awaiting the overdue express,  
before it could claim the right of the road. The  
engine was blowing off steam at a terrific rate,  
and the engine-driver was taking a quiet nap  
during this unexpected interval of rest.

The telegraph office, where a beardless young  
man continually bent over his clicking machine,  
was constantly besieged by the fretful passengers,  
who kept thrusting their heads in at the  
small door or window, and inquiring whether  
there were any tidings of the expected train.

The operator was an exception to the rule,  
and was polite and communicative. He kept  
his patience and answered every question pleasantly,  
even although some of them were of a  
trying or ludicrous character.

"She left Brampton on time," he had an-  
swered over an hour ago, "and came into Corn-  
wall three minutes ahead."

"And did she leave Cornwall on time?"  
To a second; but since then we haven't  
heard a word of her."

Brampton was twenty miles distant. The ex-  
press had thundered along for five miles until it  
reached Cornwall, where it left on time, and it  
was now somewhere along the fifteen miles of  
road between Cornwall and La Grange, and  
had been there for an hour and a half without  
any tidings of her.

Something was wrong. Had the locomotive  
boiler exploded? Had the engine jumped the  
track and smashed everything? Had High  
Bridge over Devil's Creek given way with the  
train upon it? Or had the more harmless  
accident of a heated "journal," or a mere break-  
down, rendered the mighty iron horse pow-  
erless?

"Why don't you telegraph to Cornwall?" in-  
quired a small man with such an immense  
carpet-bag that he might properly be termed  
a "carpet-bagger."

"So I have," was the reply.  
"And what did they tell you?"

"Nothing; for they knew nothing."

"That's queer; what was the reason?"  
The accident, or whatever it may be that  
detains the train, has taken place between here  
and Cornwall. It may be nearer us than there,  
and in that case it would be natural that they  
should apply to us for information instead of  
to them."

"As there are only fifteen miles between us and  
the other station," remarked a large, corpulent  
man, "the train, wherever it is, must be within  
eight miles of one of us, and I don't under-  
stand how it is that word hasn't reached us."

"Nor I either," replied the operator, signifi-  
cantly. The two men looked in each other's  
faces for a moment, and then the man that  
controlled the telegraph motioned to him to come  
in and take a seat beside him.

"You seem to be about the most sensible  
man in the crowd," he said, with a smile, "and  
I'll tell you something which no one knows ex-  
cepting myself and the ticket agent, Brooks,  
who is too stupid to comprehend what it  
means." The fleshy individual stared curi-  
ously at him, as if he did not comprehend what  
it all meant.

"The express left Cornwall exactly at eight  
o'clock," said the young man, speaking in a  
guarded voice, so as not to be overheard by  
those who were constantly passing and stop-  
ping at the window, "and ought to have made  
the fifteen miles in about eighteen minutes, but  
here it is over an hour late, and no tidings of  
it."

"But I knew all that before," said the cor-  
pulent gentleman, after a moment's pause,  
thinking there was nothing more to come.

"But I haven't told you that five minutes  
after the express left Cornwall the wires were cut  
between here and there."

The corpulent gentleman gave a low whistle,  
and looked sharply at his informer, whose face  
lit up with a strange smile.

"Maybe the engine smashed down the tele-  
graph poles, and broke the connection in that  
way."

"Not much," replied the operator, who occa-  
sionally indulged in slang. "It wouldn't  
have taken ten minutes for them to have re-  
stored the connection. No, it is something  
more serious than that."

"Explain yourself."

"I may as well out with it; I believe the  
wires have been cut and the express stopped by  
the Mulligan brothers."

"Yes."

"By Jingo!" exclaimed the passenger, with  
another whistle. "Shouldn't wonder if you're  
right. I am from Chicago, and I didn't think  
that this is the part of the country where those  
gentry work. But how is it the train is kept  
so long? I understood that such things were  
done in short time."

"So they are; it hasn't taken them fifteen  
minutes to go through the train and get all the  
booty they wanted."

"Then what does it mean?"

"They have thrown it off the track, and cut  
the wires in several places. The train I think  
will be here shortly."

"Do you allow such things in this part of the  
country?"

"How are we going to help it?"

"Why don't you have them arrested, tried,  
sent to prison, hung or shot—or something  
else?"

"It is very easy for you to talk," said Brown,  
the operator, warming up, "but it is another  
thing to act. Let a man testify against these  
villains, or let him be suspected of wishing to  
testify, and his life isn't worth a pin. There  
isn't a judge that dare sentence one of the  
gang, nor can a jury be found to convict them.  
So what would you do under the circum-  
stances?"

"Organize a vigilance committee and root  
them out, hunt them with dogs, and never stop  
hunting until they were extirpated from the  
face of the earth."

Young Brown stroked his beardless chin, and  
laughed in his quiet way, but said nothing.

"How many brothers are there?" inquired  
his companion.

"Two; Jim and Dick."

"And are these two sufficient to lord it over  
all of you?"

"Hold! not so fast. They are the leaders.  
There are a half-dozen associated with them,  
and a more desperate set of villains never went  
unhung. It would be no easy matter to capture  
six or eight of them, as you can well imagine."

"Of course, it would be no child's play; but  
I presume it will have to come to that. They  
will keep on, I suppose, until the people will  
have to rise in self-defense. Do you know these  
men?" suddenly inquired the corpulent man,  
turning upon the operator.

"I know them as well as I do you, or better,  
as I never saw you before."

"You may call me Smith; what sort of look-  
ing men are they?"

"Dick is tall, slim, with hair as long and  
black as an Indian's, wiry and muscular, while  
Jim is shorter, with a sandy complexion and  
heavy red whiskers—both are perfect devils."

"Yes," commented Smith, in an indifferent  
manner, strangely at variance with the excite-  
ment he had shown a few minutes before.  
"Do they live anywhere near here?"

"Last summer they lived about a mile up the  
road, with their mother; but since her death  
they haven't had any regular place of residence,  
and I suppose spend their leisure time in the  
woods."

"Do you know where their hiding-place is?"

"It isn't far from here. Between La Grange  
and Cornwall is a tract of woods, about ten  
miles broad, and fully twenty miles long. It is  
cut up with creeks, streams and ravines, and a  
good deal of it is swamp. Here these fellows  
have their hiding-place, and it would take a  
mighty smart set of men to hunt them out and  
effect their capture."

"Then I presume the train has to cross this  
tract of timber."

"Yes; about ten miles of the fifteen be-  
tween us and the other station is taken up with  
the forest. Were it not night you could see  
the edge of the woods from the platform out  
there."

"Have they ever attacked the train before?"

"Twice; last summer they robbed the safe  
of the Adams Express Company, and a couple  
of months ago attempted it again, but failed,  
and Dick Mulligan came very nigh getting his  
head blown off."

"How was it that they failed?"

"They put some rails upon the track, but in-  
stead of throwing the engine off, they were  
knocked aside. Dick Mulligan and one of his  
men were on the train, and got into the for-  
ward car where Jim Wilkins was lying on top

of the safe, and attempted to bind and gag him,  
but the plucky little fellow bombarded them so  
well with his revolver that they were glad  
enough to jump out of the car and run."

"And all this has happened," continued the  
burly Smith, with a palpable sneer upon his  
face, "and it has been known that it was likely  
to happen again every day, and yet you have  
invited the outrage by leaving yourselves defenseless!"

"Whom do you mean by you?" inquired  
Brown, with a smile.

"The railroad and the express company, and  
everybody who lives in the neighborhood, and  
among the latter I reckon you, of course."

"Well, perhaps, I am not altogether guiltless,  
but still considerable allowance must be made.  
I never suspected that I was the man to lead in  
the formation of a vigilance committee, but I  
am ready to lend a hand at any time."

"Is there any reward offered for the capture  
of the Mulligan brothers?"

"There is a standing reward of ten thousand  
dollars for the arrest and conviction of the  
whole gang, or a thousand dollars a piece for  
every one who may be secured and punished."

"Enough to incite some of you ambitious  
young men to action. That would make a good  
marriage settlement for a young gentleman like  
you."

"Yes; it is quite an inducement. I hope it  
may induce some outside parties to engage  
in it."

The two men smiled, and looked at each  
other's faces.

"You may not be so far—hello!"

At that instant, a sharp whoop was heard,  
and the telegraph operator exclaimed:

"There comes the train!"

A moment later the red glow of the head-  
light was seen as it thundered around the curve  
a few yards distant, and the sharp whistle was  
repeated as it began to break up.

The corpulent Smith rushed out upon the  
platform, with the other passengers, leaving  
Brown, the telegraph operator, all unsuspecting  
of the fact that he had been tête-à-tête with one  
of the most skillful detectives in the West, and  
a man whose business in this section was  
specially to look after these same Mulligan  
brothers and their gang.

## CHAPTER II.—THE ROBBERY.

ON that cool autumn night the lightning ex-  
press steamed out of Cornwall, and as soon as  
it was fairly beyond the village, rapidly in-  
creased its speed. It had eighteen minutes to  
do the fifteen miles in, and, as the immense  
driving-wheels spun faster and faster, and the  
ponderous piston-rods went and came, with  
their smooth, easy and momentarily increasing  
motion, the engine-driver was confident of  
going into the La Grange depot not a second  
behind time.

There were three passenger-cars, besides the  
baggage and express-car, and in the three  
former were not over thirty passengers, all  
told. In the forward part of the baggage-car  
was the huge safe belonging to the Adams  
Express Company, under the guardianship of a  
drowsy-looking individual, who was smoking a  
meerschaum.

Near him was the guard having in charge on  
the United States mails, a wide-awake, nervous-  
looking individual, who, having just been ap-  
pointed to his situation, had a large sense of its  
responsibilities, and his own importance. The  
baggage-master was in the same apartment,  
quietly smoking a cigar, and fully as wide-  
awake as his companions.

Wilkins, the regular agent in charge of the  
valuable safe, lay dangerously sick at his home,  
fifty miles distant, and his deputy had been  
acting in his place for only three days.

For a short time succeeding the robbery  
mentioned by Brown, an extra guard had accom-  
panied the express; but as this involved an  
extra expense, it was discontinued after the  
lapse of a few weeks, and matters were pro-  
gressing in the same quiet manner as usual.

One mile out from Cornwall, and the train  
was tearing forward at a speed of about a mile  
a minute. On it dashed into the vast world of  
darkness before it, the burnished parabola of  
silver throwing its light far ahead, while the  
two narrow rails lengthened out like lines of  
silver before the plunging engine, which  
lurched from side to side, feeling the slightest  
depression in the road, while the enormous  
driving-wheels seemed to be increasing their  
revolutions each second.

Five miles were passed in this manner, when  
the engineer began slackening up, as his train  
approached High Bridge, leading over a deep,  
swampy stream, known as the "Devil's  
Creek." At the same time, his whistle sounded  
long and loud, its echo reverberating for a  
great distance through the forest arches, as a  
warning to any daring pedestrians who might  
be meditating an attempt to cross it.

The speed was considerably slackened, and  
the train rumbled over the bridge, the engine  
giving a sharp jerk forward, before it was fairly  
clear, and rapidly regained its terrific rate.  
There were blank woods upon every hand,  
and not a house was to be seen for miles.

Another mile was passed, and they were six  
from Cornwall. The engine-driver again held  
up, as he neared a sharp curve, and he stood  
with his hand upon the throttle, ready to let on  
or shut off the steam, as he should discover the  
tracks were clear or not.

Another second, and the whistle gave two  
sharp screeches, twice repeated, the reversing  
lever was jerked over, and the wheels spun  
backward with lightning-like velocity, their per-  
ipheries grinding and rasping the sanded track,  
until a stream of fire splintered and flew from  
beneath them.

What was the cause of this alarming signal?  
Only a few hundred yards ahead he saw a  
rail displaced—one end loosened and turned  
aside just enough to make it certain that his  
engine must jump the track. Everything was  
done to check the speed, but no power in

nature could check the fearful momentum of  
the train.

All that could be done was to slow the speed,  
and this was done so effectually that when the  
dangerous point was reached, the engine was  
going less than ten miles an hour.

As was expected, the wheels ran off, ground  
their way down in the gravel, and then bounded  
over the ties and rails for a rod or two,  
severely jolting the engine, and dragging the  
tender and front car after it, but doing them  
no serious injury. Suddenly the train halted,  
with the wheels of the locomotive less than a  
foot from the track.

At the very instant the whistle of the engine  
sounded, three men, their faces covered with  
masks, which had been placed on after passing  
out of the front car, entered the baggage-car,  
and made for the mail guard.

The instant the latter caught sight of them,  
he comprehended what it meant, and jerking  
out his revolver, pointed it at the foremost.

"Come a step nearer, and you're a dead  
man!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth,  
when the sharp crack of a pistol broke upon  
the rumble and jumble of the train, and the  
guard threw up his arms and fell dead, pierced  
through the heart by the bullet of one of the  
mail robbers.

While one proceeded to take charge of the  
pouches, the other two forced their way into  
the room, where the sentinel over the safe of  
Adams Express Company had just started to his  
feet, terrified at the signal of the whistle and  
the pistol-shot and cry that had reached his ear.  
"No use!" called out Dick Mulligan, pointing  
his pistol at him; "give us the key!"

The poor fellow stood like one dumbfounded,<

"What's the matter? Anybody killed? Is it a broken rail? Have we got to stay here all night?"

Such and similar were the questions shouted as the frightened men scrambled forward in the darkness. The answer to their questions came in a manner as startling as it was unexpected.

Crack! crack! crack! and several bullets whistled about their ears, and the hoarse voice of Jim Mulligan rang out upon the night air.

"Back, every one of you! back, I tell you, if you don't want your brains blown out!"

Were it not for the tragic deed that had already been committed, the sudden obedience to this mandate would have been ludicrous. Pell-mell, leaping and tumbling over each other, rolling down the slight declivity, scrambling headlong, all the passengers were back in their seats in a much shorter time than they had left them.

Here they cowered, frightened and speechless, while one of the females, when informed of what was going on in the front of the train, set up a screeching that rivaled that of the steam-whistle itself.

Among the different passengers, there was one who was not terrified out of his senses. Fred Weldon, a young man, with a clean-shaven face, and the look of a college student, rose in the aisle of the car, and said:

"Gentlemen, how many of you have revolvers?"

After the question was repeated several times, a half dozen informed him that they were armed.

"Those Mulligan brothers, or, rather, Mulligan devils, are at the bottom of this. I propose that we make a fight with them. Besides doing the country a service, there is a chance of making a nice reward for the business. Follow me, and we will teach them a lesson or two!"

But not one offered to do so.

"Very well," replied the young man, with an expression of disgust, after he had waited a minute for the response. "If you are afraid, I will take a look myself, and see whether there is a chance for me to do anything."

He moved toward the door, but found himself confronted by an elderly man in spectacles.

"Young man, you don't know what you are doing. It is certain death; remain where you are. Justice will overtake these miscreants before long."

Weldon stood irresolute a minute, but he suffered himself to be pushed back in his seat by his friend, and he contented himself as best he could, while the high-handed outrage was being perpetrated so close at hand.

When it became known that the robbers had fled, the passengers swarmed out and through the cars to see what damage had been done.

When the dead body of the mail agent was found, a gasp of horror escaped the spectators, and Weldon exclaimed, impetuously:

"This might have been prevented if you had done as I wished."

"You are mistaken," said the expressman; "he was shot before the train stopped. I heard the pistol."

"We might have punished them, then," he replied, muttering in his rage at the cowardice of his companions.

The body was laid aside, and carefully covered, while the expressman locked the door of the safe, the interior, which so short a time before was filled with such richness, being now empty.

The passengers next turned their attention toward getting the engine and the forward car upon the track.

This, it is scarcely necessary to say, was a work of extreme difficulty. Nearly all the wood upon the tender was wedged and adjusted upon the ties and alongside the rails, and the locomotive, which was blowing off its accumulating steam, lashed and plunged, ran further off, than came nearer the iron, and then missed it again, until all were ready to give up in despair.

But the engineer persisted with a patience that never faltered, and he was finally rewarded in seeing every wheel in its true position again.

The train resumed its progress, and a few minutes later steamed into the La Grange depot.

#### CHAPTER III.—THE SWAMP RETREAT.

The mail, or rather, express robbers, had worked without fear upon the train. Fully armed, and desperate as they were, they would not have hesitated a moment had the cars been crowded with men. They showed their courage when their leader, with two men, went on board at one of the back stations, and remained there, knowing to a certainty that the engine would be thrown from the track, with the likelihood of dragging every car after it, and killing and maiming those within.

In the settlement of new countries, where the influx of the population is rapid, there is always sure to be an abnormal development of crime. The most desperate and abandoned of our race are always drawn thither by the laxity of the legal power, and the abundant opportunity given for the commission of crime.

As an almost inevitable consequence, these bad men become emboldened by their immunity from arrest and punishment, and overstep the mark of prudence, until the community arouse in self-defense, a vigilance committee is formed, and short and decisive work is the result.

All remember the formation of the vigilance committee in San Francisco, about fifteen years ago, and the good which they did. A few cases of hanging ended the corrupt rule that had reigned in that city for years, and had its good effect upon the surrounding neighborhood.

The uprising of Spain was nothing more than a vigilance committee of the whole, and it remains to be seen whether the lesson the nation

has learned is to be remembered or forgotten. It is always deplorable when such a banding of citizens becomes necessary, but the community are pretty sure to justify it; and even should New York itself witness such a formation within the next few months, it is doubtful whether more than a very few, at the utmost, will question the necessity, if they do its wisdom.

The Mulligan brothers were two desperadoes, who, it was said, came originally from Texas, where, on account of their numerous crimes, they were compelled to flee the State; and when a man leaves that section of the Union for his misdemeanors, he may safely be set down as a phenomenon of villainy.

Gathering round them a half dozen men as desperate as themselves, they settled in one of the Western States, where they soon distinguished themselves for their disregard of all laws, both human and divine. They were engaged in bar-room brawls, in fights in the street, murders and assassinations, until they became a perfect terror in the neighborhood.

With the breaking out of the civil war they disappeared, and it was sincerely hoped that they would be wiped out in that terrible conflict; but they followed bushwhacking only, and what was certainly curious, the whole eight, after running no little personal risk, reappeared in the neighborhood which they had left before, and renewed their outrages upon the community.

The authorities offered large rewards for their apprehension, and one or two men were rash enough to attempt to decoy one or two of them in the meshes of the law, but they failed, and were repaid by being shot down like dogs.

For convenience simply the outlaws located in the central part of a vast marshy tract, which has been referred to elsewhere, where they made their home, and circulated over the country as they saw fit.

They had little or no fear of arrest in the community as it was organized at this time. Both Jim and Dick Mulligan had openly spat upon the handbills which had posted them as outlaws, and emptied their revolvers after the officers of the law who had gone to the trouble of nailing up the handbills.

But it was convenient for them to have a secure place of retreat, and they had chosen it well.

After the robbery of the express car, they glided away through the woods like phantoms of the night. None of them had horses with them, and they stole as noiselessly and swiftly through the dark arches of the forest as so many Sioux Indians upon the trail of a foe.

They had gone but a few hundred yards when they reached the margin of Devil's Creek, at a place where it was about a hundred yards in width, and of considerable depth. There a long, narrow boat was awaiting them, and in a trice they were all within and seated. Two of them took up the oars, and the vessel progressed rapidly through the inky darkness, where it was impossible to see a foot in advance, and where their own presence was betrayed by the burning tips of their cigars.

Yet they were so well acquainted with the route that they advanced without hesitation through the blank gloom.

They laughed and chuckled over their success, and concluded to indulge in a good spree for the unexpected good fortune that had attended their attempt in this direction.

It was, perhaps, rather curious that, although they had committed a great crime against their Government, and against the civil law of their State, yet not a single remark showed that any such thing as fear entered their heads.

The United States was powerful, but not powerful enough to frighten them, who had defied her so often; and they cared little for the Associated Press dispatches, or the increased rewards that would undoubtedly be offered for their capture.

A half mile up this stream, and they turned into a narrow creek, which put in from the eastern shore, which was ascended to about the same distance, when the stream broadened out into a sort of lagoon, in the centre of which was a small wooded island. Here their journey was at an end, and here they landed.

Passing about a rod or two among the trees, they reached a sort of rude cabin, which had been erected years before, and which was large enough to contain them all without crowding each other.

A light, burning dimly, was seen through the open window, and showed that some one was within, and Dick Mulligan, the moment he entered the door, shouted:

"Jubal! I say, Jubal!"

He waited a moment, but there was no response.

"Jubal! confound your black hide, where are you?"

"Hello, dar!" came the reply, in a voice so thick and obscured as to show that the individual was not yet fairly awake.

"Why don't you stir yourself when you know we are about? Come, move around, you black dog, and 'tend to things!"

The form of an immense negro, somewhat bowed with age, arose from the corner, where he had slumbered upon the ground, stumbled forward, and threw additional fuel upon the fire, which, blazing up, displayed an apartment some twenty feet square, with a ladder communicating with the story above.

A rough deal table sat at one side of the room, while nearly a dozen chairs were scattered promiscuously about. In one corner was the rudest sort of cupboard, where a few dishes and cooking utensils were kept for the use of the negro, who prepared their meals, and acted as a general servant to them all.

There was no stove in the room, a broad, deep-throated fire-place answering for every such necessity.

The men were in high spirits to-night. They had captured over sixty thousand dollars in solid gold, to say nothing of the valuable jewelry, and there was an inclination upon the

part of all to celebrate it in a manner that they judged befitting the occasion.

A huge demijohn of whisky was brought forward by the African, at the command of Dick Mulligan, and, with a number of tumblers, placed upon the table.

Then the debauchery began. Drink after drink was swallowed, until these men, who were hardened to such excesses, began to reel in their seats, and some fell to the floor.

Maudlin snatches of song, jests and meaningless remarks were muttered and mumbled, until the scene became one disgusting exhibition of beastliness, and the eight men who, a few hours before, cowed and held a whole train of cars in subjection, and who at that moment were the terror of the neighborhood for miles, were as helpless as so many invalid children.

Had a few police officers appeared on the scene at this juncture, or even had Fred Weldon stalked among them alone and unattended, short work could have been made with the desperadoes.

The negro was the only sober man in the party. When he saw all the others stretched helpless upon the floor, he carefully covered them with their overcoats and blankets, and then passed outside.

The night was dark, but during the last hour a faint moon had risen over the tree-tops, and there was the faintest illumination of the lagoon which enclosed the island where these desperadoes had their home.

"Dem yar fellers ar ob no 'count till to-morrer," he soliloquized, as he stood meditatively looking out upon the dark, silent water. "Dey's sometimes purty ugly when dey're comin' out dar tantrums, and de best ting de chile can do is to keep skeace."

He had been the slave of the Mulligan brothers in years ago, and he had remained faithful by them, through all their adventures and villainies, up to the present moment, and, coward as he was, he was ready to peril his life for them at any moment.

"De night ain't berry cool, and p'raps I'd better stay out yah-sh! What dat?"

A tremor of terror shook his frame as he heard the faint ripple of water, near the other shore. Stooping down, he peered long and anxiously in the direction of the alarming sound, but could discern nothing.

"I guess it war a fish—"

He paused abruptly, for at that moment he distinctly saw a small Indian canoe gliding noiselessly along the bank, propelled by a single man, who managed the paddle with the skill of a Camanche Indian.

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE NIGHT ALARM.

WHEN the express train halted at the La Grange station, and the score or so of passengers that had been waiting there stepped within the cars, the corpulent gentleman, who had given his name as Smith, walked down the car aisle, with valise in hand, and took his seat beside young Fred Weldon, of whom mention has already been made.

The first mentioned personage, as we have intimated in another place, was the noted detective, whose real name was Squirek, and who had been engaged in some of the most famous cases that had come up in the Eastern cities during the past twenty years, and whose remarkable skill was acknowledged by his professional brethren, those gentry who, as a rule, are the last to see any excellence in one of their own profession.

The detective, as he now appeared in his golden spectacles, white cravat, his clerical suit of black, and the innocent, questioning stare of his big blue eyes, had a certain Pickwickian look that would have induced a stranger to set him down as one of the most credulous and harmless of his kind.

Before taking his seat beside Fred Weldon, he inquired, with great concern, whether the place was engaged, and being told that it was not, he sank down as gingerly as though he were doing a forbidden act.

As he did so he gave one sharp, sidelong glance at the handsome young man—a glance which told him as much as an hour's fixed stare would have done—and then, with the air of a nervous gentleman who wasn't often abroad from home, made inquiries regarding the mail robbery, which was just then the subject of discussion through the entire train. Although a lawyer, Fred was a gentleman, and he answered the redundant questions with a succinct courtesy that soon left little to be told. But when he had finished, and supposed the matter done, his portly companion appeared to consider the matter only just opened.

Fred Weldon gained a lesson in cross-questioning that he never forgot. The innocent-looking man at his side plied him so skillfully that in the space of a few minutes he had extracted everything that the young man knew or had ever heard of the noted Mulligan brothers.

After this came a minute's silence, and then it was pleasantly broken by the portly gentleman, who next succeeded in winning from the young lawyer almost as much of his own personal history as he knew himself. It was done, too, in such a quiet, insinuating manner that Fred could take no offense.

By the time the express began slackening up at the station of Somerville, a town of about two thousand inhabitants, where the engine generally took in wood and water, Fred Weldon began putting on his overcoat.

"Do you get out here?" inquired his new friend.

"Yes; this is where my mother lives. I am making her a short visit. You don't live here?"

"No, but I have to remain here a while—perhaps a week or so. I shall put up at the 'Drover's,' and if you have a spare evening, or an hour or so through the day on your hands, I shall be glad to see you."

Fred promised to continue their acquaintance, and after bidding Mr. Smith good-night

at the depot, the two separated and took different directions; while the detective made his way to a hotel, the young man walked briskly down one of the by-streets, turning in at a small, modest residence, which he entered with the manner of one who was perfectly at home. So he was, for here lived his mother, the only relative he had in the world, and whose almost idolizing affection he returned with an equally strong love.

A moment later, a handsome woman in middle life was clasped in his arms, and the son sat down to the meal which had been spread for him, and which had been waiting for the full two hours that the lightning express was behind time.

Fred explained that a slight detention, a sort of break-down, had delayed the train, but that none of the passengers had been hurt, and he was sorry that his mother had felt any uneasiness regarding him.

Fred Weldon had practiced law in Brampton for two years, with a light heart and almost equally light purse. Young, enterprising, ambitious, handsome and talented, he toiled on, encouraged amid discouragements, and with profound faith in the good day coming.

It cannot be said that he had nothing in the way of practice, for now and then clients did come to him, but they were not numerous by any means, and he had plenty of leisure for study and physical exercise.

He was the son of a physician, who had died when his child was quite young, leaving him enough to complete his collegiate course, and to afford a bare subsistence to his widow.

Believing there was a favorable opening at Brampton, some forty odd miles distant, Fred had hung out his shingle, and there he had toiled and hoped, and there he was toiling and hoping still.

But just now he was home on a short vacation; as he told his mother, he had arranged his business affairs so as to spend a week with her, and he told the truth when he added that he managed to do so with little difficulty to himself.

The chat was pleasant and affectionate, just as might have been expected between a mother and her only son, and at a comparatively early hour Fred withdrew to his room for the night. The next day was passed mainly at home, without seeing his friend Smith, but he was occupied until late in the evening in reading to his mother, and it was near midnight when he retired. He had scarcely entered the apartment when in the still night he heard the gate of the yard pulled violently open, some one walked rapidly up the gravelled walk, stepped hurriedly upon the porch, and gave a ringing rap upon the door.

Mrs. Weldon was on the lower floor, and before her son could anticipate her she had unfastened the door, and saw before her the scared face of Jacob, one of the men-servants of Judge Woodland.

"Why, Jacob, what is the matter?"

"By jingo! I am afraid something has gone wrong with the judge."

"What is it?"

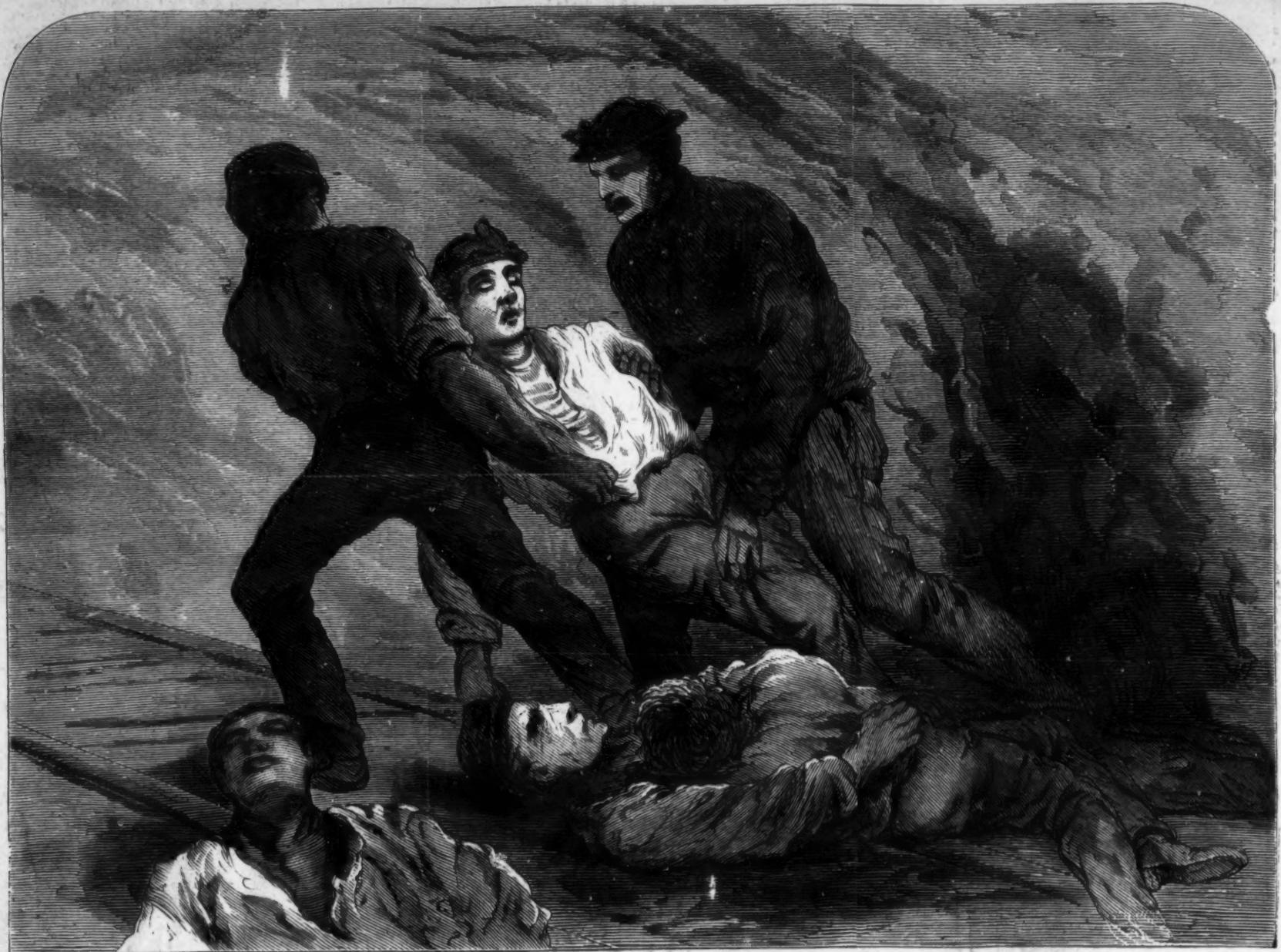
"That's what I can't tell. I've come after Master Fred; the folks over home are going distracted over it, and sent me out in search of some folks to go and hunt the judge up."

"Is he lost?" inquired Fred, who by this time had descended to the hall door.

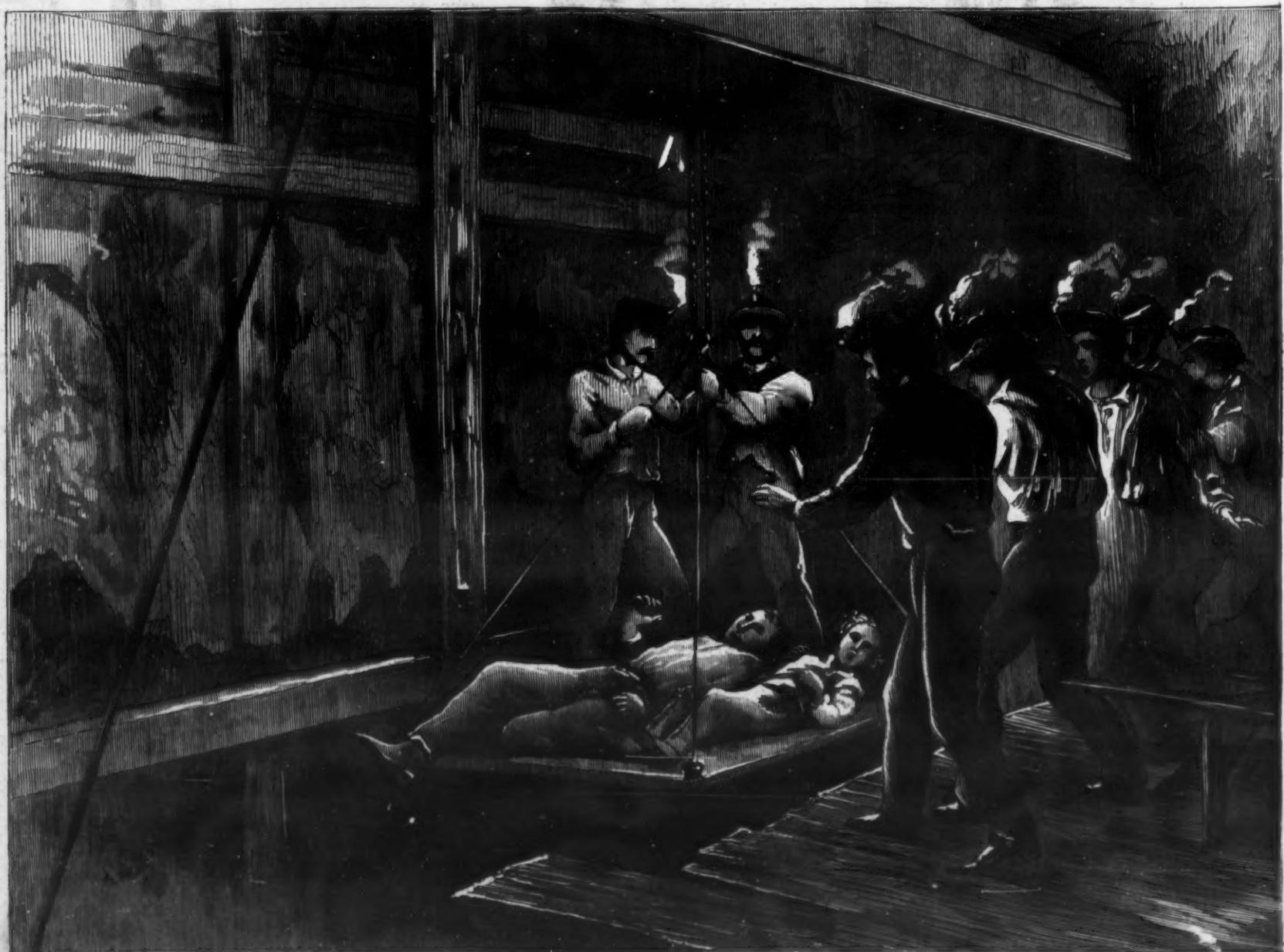
"I'm afraid he is. He went off to Millville this morning, and promised to be back by sunset, and he hasn't come yet."

"I don't see any occasion for alarm in that. Something may have happened to detain him."

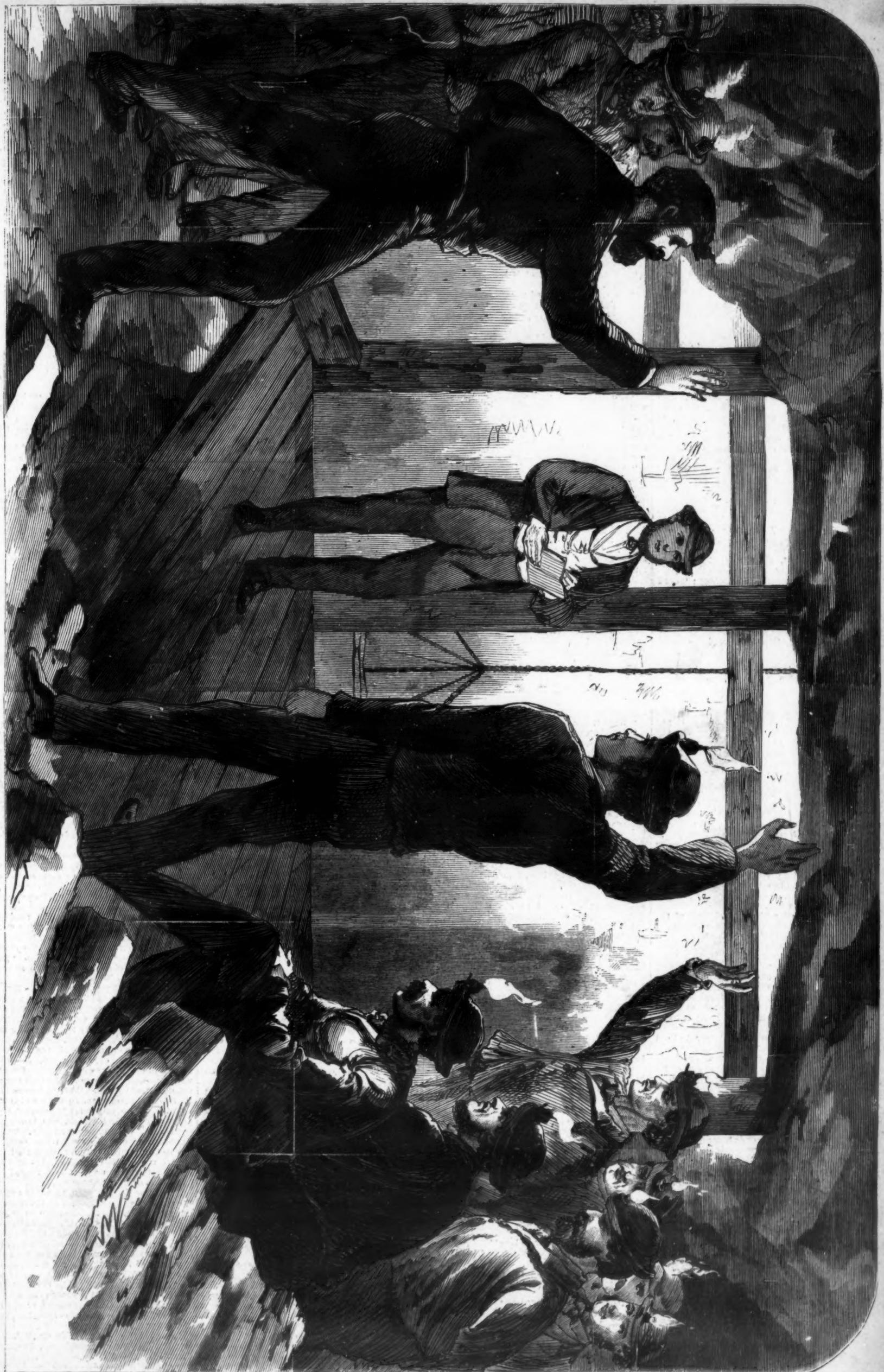
"But the horse came tearing homeward a little while ago, all covered with froth and foam, with the harness flying about him, and with nothing of the wagon at all. The women folks are sure the judge is killed. The old lady is weeping and wringing her hands, and, as for Florence, she is about crazy."



REMOVING THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS FROM THE MINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 21.



HOISTING THE DEAD THROUGH THE SHAFT OF THE MINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 21.



MINERS VOLUNTEERING TO DESCEND THE SHAFT AND SEARCH THE MINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 21.

though it is not to be supposed that such a consideration would have influenced him in the discharge of his duty.

The headquarters of the outlaws were thirty or forty miles distant. While the two brothers themselves, and one or two others, were known to many officers, yet the majority of the gang were shrewd enough to keep themselves strangers to those from whom there was any cause to fear danger.

Many of them, including the leaders, went as they chose from city to city over the railroads, sometimes going as far as Chicago and other large cities; but when they did so they were so thoroughly disguised that it would have taken a keen-eyed detective to have suspected their identity.

But Judge Woodland was a marked man. He had received numerous warnings during the trial of one of the gang, all of which he treated with contemptuous indifference; but the excellent man was really in more peril than he imagined, for there are innumerable means for such godless men to perform their will—more than even he imagined, great as was his knowledge of such wretches.

But as week after week passed away without his seeing any of the gang, his alarmed family forgot their fears, and when, on this pleasant day in autumn, he started for a neighboring village in his buggy, there was not a word of warning uttered against his sworn enemies, and not a thought entered his head as his docile mare jogged along at an easy gait.

A few hundred yards, and Fred Weldon reached the residence. As he anticipated, he found the family in the greatest distress. Mrs. Woodland was wringing her hands, and was on the verge of hysterics, while Florence, more beautiful than ever in her great woe, was hurrying back and forth, and doing what she could to assist the party of rescue, or, rather, of search, in making their preparations.

A hundred men could have been raised in the town, but they were not needed. Jacob had been sent in great haste to gather such as he saw fit, and he had selected three besides Fred Weldon—three strong, sturdy fellows, who had run with all dispatch upon receiving the alarming tidings, and who were now mounted, and only awaiting the coming of the fourth man.

"Oh, Mr. Weldon, I am so glad you have come!" exclaimed Florence, as she seized his hand.

"This is, indeed, sad," said Fred, who in that fearful moment was somewhat embarrassed in the presence of this beauty; "but I hope it is not so bad as—"

"Oh, hurry—hurry! Only bring him back, and we will pray for you as long as we live."

A few moments later the four men cantered out on the road, and on a sweeping gallop started in search of the missing Judge Woodland.

#### CHAPTER V.—THE WRONG MAN.

It was beyond midnight when the four horsemen took the road over which the affrighted mare of Judge Woodland had thundered home, and they spurred their animals to a swinging gallop, their whole minds and energies bent upon the work before them.

There was a full moon riding high up in the heavens, and they could see for a considerable distance ahead, so that it was hardly possible for them to pass any important object upon the way without seeing it.

The four men were armed with revolvers, and every one of them was brave, and anxious to meet the men who had dared to offer any violence to such a citizen as Judge Woodland.

Fred Weldon recognized two of the men as old friends of his—one of them was a middle-aged blacksmith, a man noted for his activity, great strength, and personal prowess. He was remarkably skillful in the use of both the pistol and rifle, having won quite a name as a sharpshooter during the war.

The other was the son of the keeper of the "Drover's Hotel," who was rather dissipated at times, but who was quite an athlete, and who had shown such proof of his skill and bravery, on many a hard-fought battlefield, that there were many disposed to overlook his failings, which at times were of a glaring nature. He was always ready to offer his services in the cause of right, no matter what parties were concerned, and he was the first man to whom Jacob, the hired man, hastened in his extremity.

But the third man was a stranger to Fred Weldon, and for a time he failed to make out who he was; but, after they had got fairly upon the road, and he gaffed a view of his face, he was startled into an exclamation of surprise, as he recognized in the large, heavy-set personage no less a character than the innocent-looking Mr. Smith, whom he had encountered on the express train a couple of nights before.

Scarcely a word was spoken among the party until they had ridden some distance, when the detective turned upon Weldon, having noticed his fixed looks for several minutes past.

"You seem surprised to see me among your friends!" he remarked, with a smile.

"Indeed I am; you are the last man I should have expected to see engaged in an expedition of this kind."

"I was smoking a quiet cigar with Tom here, when the hired man came after him, and of course I couldn't let my friend go alone, and that's how I am here."

"You are aware," said Fred, with some hesitation, "that there may be considerable danger attending this!"

"Yes, sir."

The four chatted quite pleasantly as they settled down into an easy canter, and all, excepting Smith, had some theory to offer for the disappearance of Judge Woodland. The detective merely listened to the others, and held his peace.

The hour being so late they encountered few

people on the road. They were now following the turnpike, but after going a couple of miles, they turned off into a branch road, leading directly toward the village where Judge Woodland had been. During the few minutes that the three men had awaited the arrival of Fred Weldon, they had learned the direction by which the missing man always went to and came from his destination on this day. So there was no halting for conjecture as to the proper course to pursue.

"It is on this road that we'll learn something of the Judge, if we learn it at all," remarked Tom Haldy, as they turned into it.

"I recollect it very well," replied Fred, "although it is a good many years since I have traveled over it."

"And I've a feeling that the murder has took place nigh to the Ten-Mile Woods," added Jim the blacksmith, who sent a shudder over every member of the party by the mention of the fearful word *murder*.

The Ten-Mile Woods were scarcely half of that extent, they having borne that name ever since the clearing off of the surrounding country, and they were now several miles ahead of the horsemen.

"What sort of a forest is it?" inquired the detective.

"An ordinary tract of woods, extending for nearly five miles on both sides of the road."

"Is the road protected from the trees by a fence?"

"Yes; for the entire distance. A singular question."

"It decides whether it is a wild country, little traveled, or whether it is nothing more than we have in our more thickly settled States."

"The country is well settled, and there is nothing in this forest to draw particular attention to it, except the fact that it offers a good opportunity for the commission of crime."

"Is it known ever to have been the scene of any tragedy?"

"Not that I can recall—"

"Don't you remember the drover that was shot near the Half-Way House just before the war?" interrupted Tom.

"You are right—I had forgotten that."

"What was the circumstance?" inquired the detective, who allowed no opportunity to pass for gaining information.

"It is a story that is soon told," replied Haldy. "A drover was found shot near the Half-Way House, within twenty minutes after the pistol shot had been fired. Father was riding by just after dark, and he found the poor fellow still alive, and able to describe the man who did it."

"Did he recognize the description?"

"Yes; it was old Balters who kept the Half-Way House, and to satisfy himself, father stopped at the House, and took a drink and smoke with the old fellow, using his eyes as best he knew all the time. The result of it was that the old man learned enough to satisfy him that the old covey was the assassin. He was arrested the next day, the crime was proven against him, and Judge Woodland sentenced him to be hung, and he was hung."

"What is this Half-Way House?"

"A little dilapidated building, standing near the middle of the woods. I've heard that it was built as a tavern during the war of 1812, and old Balters used to keep a barrel of whisky behind the counter, and generally had a stray bed for any traveler who came along."

"Did he live there alone?"

"No; he had a wife and son. The woman ran away with another man just before Balters committed the crime, and the boy, after swearing vengeance upon Judge Woodland for condemning his father to death, disappeared, and I have never heard of him since."

"Is the Half-Way House occupied?"

"Not unless it has been done quite recently."

Frank Weldon listened to this conversation, for it touched another chord which caused a new shiver of dread to run through him. Somewhere, he could not remember where, he had heard it said that young Balters was a member of the Mulligan gang; and only a night or two before, when the train was being robbed by them, he had noticed a stooping form, with one shoulder higher than the other, which recalled this young villain, even though his face was blackened and disguised.

By this time they had reached the edge of the Ten-Mile Woods, and the detective was busy plying his questions.

"Have either of you passed over this road recently?" None of the three had.

"Do you know whether any attempt has ever been made upon Judge Woodland's life?"

"I have heard—hello! yonder is some body!"

Just as the horsemen were entering the woods, they descried another horseman coming out. The latter appeared somewhat anxious to avoid them, but he could not very well do so, and so he put on as bold a face as possible and rode forward. As he came up, he disengaged himself to be a negro.

"Good ebenin', sah," he called out, anxious to conciliate the strangers.

"Who are you?"

"I's Pomp, and I works up at Massa Beckett's."

"What are you doing abroad at this time of night?"

"I's coming home."

"What called you out so late?"

"I—I doesn't like to tell," faltered the African, with a silly laugh.

"If you don't answer me at once I'll shoot you!" said the detective, in the fiercest voice he could assume.

"I's being to see Sally—a handsome young lady dat libba down at General Jones's, and dat I tuck—"

"Did you meet any one on your way here?"

"Nobody at all. But oh, my golly! warn't dis chile skeerd!"

"Where? At what?" inquired the detective, as the four men gathered around him.

"Why, right down yonder!" replied the darky, looking affrighted behind him. "Down in dat holler. Oh, it was orful!"

"What was it?"

"I was ridin' long quiet-like, when I heerd a groan, and I seed sumfin' lookin' like a man, and my hoss give such a jump—"

The horsemen heard no more, but were dashin' away at full speed through the woods, sure that the dead or dying body of Judge Woodland was close at hand.

The road was so broad, that the moon, which was high in the heavens, shone down upon it, and there was a space of several yards in width which was lit up by the full strength of the moon's rays, while on either hand was the dark, silent expanse of the forest.

Several hundred yards were passed in this manner, and then the horse of Fred Weldon suddenly pricked his ears and gave a snort of alarm and shied to one side.

All four reined up, and the young lawyer at once dismounted.

"There is something here," he said to his companions. "Just keep an eye on my horse while I take a look around."

"Hush!" exclaimed Tom, with a shiver. "I heard something like a groan. There! don't you hear it again?"

Every ear did hear something like the low moaning of a person in distress, and a shiver of apprehension ran through Fred as he walked softly toward the wood, with his eyes and ears alert.

"Do you see anything?" asked the detective.

"My God! there he lies."

A dark form was seen stretched upon the ground by the roadside. The next moment the four men had dismounted, and while one quieted the frightened animals, the others hastened to the assistance of the dying man.

In a moment he was borne out where the moonlight could shine upon him. He was yet alive, but breathing with great difficulty.

"He is not dead!" said the detective.

"Good heavens! this is not Judge Woodland! we have the wrong man!" exclaimed Fred.

"Who is he?" asked Squirek, equally puzzled.

"He is one of Dick Mulligan's men!" was the reply of the blacksmith.

#### CHAPTER VI.—LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

GREAT were the amazement and relief of the four men when they found that instead of the body of Judge Woodland they held that of one of the outlaws. A brief examination showed that he had been struck upon the side of the face and terribly bruised, and a closer examination revealed that it had been made by the hoof of a horse.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Fred Weldon, looking up in the faces of his companions.

"It is a good sign, and affords more ground for hope than anything that has happened since his absence."

All three looked inquiringly at the detective.

"This villain has attacked Judge Woodland, with the purpose of killing him, and while the affray has been going on, the horse has had a hand, or rather a foot in the matter, and knocked this dog out of the ring entirely."

"But where is he?"

"That I cannot tell. We can't do anything for this scamp at present, so you may lay him down by the roadside, and you may keep watch of the horse, while Weldon and myself take a look furthe down the road."

The two men walked quietly along, speaking in a low tone.

"I only fear that some more of the gang are near," said Fred, "and they may steal a march upon us."

"There is not one of them in the vicinity."

The confidence with which this was uttered, reassured the young lawyer, and satisfied him at the same time that the man was more than he suspected him to be.

"Don't trouble yourself any further with speculations regarding me," said the detective, with a smile, as if he read his thoughts. "Call at the hotel to-morrow, and I will have something to say to you. At present we must attend to the business before us."

A few steps further, and they came upon the wreck of the carriage lying in a heap at the side of the road, and just within the line of moonlight—that orb having now reached a point almost directly overhead.

"That will tell the story!" exclaimed the detective, moving toward it. "Not too fast, or you will hide the evidence by your own footprints. Suppose you remain still, and let me look around for a few minutes."

Fred gladly did this, and the officer made a long and careful examination, walking so far from the road that he was lost to view for nearly half an hour. When he came back he went to the battered hulk of the carriage again, all the time never exchanging a word with the wondering young man, who was intently watching his movements. Finally he finished.

"And what have you learned?" inquired Fred.

"All I" was the reply, uttered with a confident smile. "Let us walk back to where our friends are waiting, to save telling the story twice."

"The way of it was this," said the detective, when the four men stood together again; "but in the first place oblige me with a light, as my cigar has gone out."

The Havana was deliberately lit, and the detective proceeded:

"Judge Woodland was delayed yesterday very much beyond the time he anticipated getting home. It was late in the evening when he drove through these woods, and he overtook a man on foot, who asked to ride. This man was the groaning scamp who lies out there, and he was waiting for the purpose of killing to judge; and I shouldn't wonder if this outlaw was the very one you speak of as having been rather heavily sentenced by that

functionary several years ago. Well, the judge took him in, of course, and all went along quietly until they reached a point a hundred yards or two down the road, when the fellow drew a pistol and attempted to shoot the old gentleman. I think his weapon missed fire, although I cannot be sure upon that point, and the two grappled and rolled forward out of the carriage under the feet of the horse, which had been so frightened by the report of the pistol and the struggling, that she let out with her feet, fetching the assassin a clip beside the face, and knocking him out of time, and freeing the judge from his troublesome parasite."

"How far off did this happen?"

"Quite a ways down the road. The mare has kicked herself loose and then dashed for home, and this man has crawled away for help, but has only been able to get here, where he has given out, lain down, and took it out in groaning."

"But where is the judge?" inquired Fred Weldon.

"That is a question which I cannot answer positively. I consider it certain that he has not been killed, although he may have been hurt. My belief is, that if hurt, he is at the nearest neighbor's, and if not injured, he has gone home by a different route than the one he usually takes."

"What shall we do?"

"Go back home; first halting at the nearest house, to see whether the prisons on the part of the United States are strong enough to hold this man until he can be sentenced."

The advice of the detective was followed

gentleman, who was heartily glad to welcome the young man who had been so ready to go to his assistance, and in whom, ever since his childhood, the judge had felt a warm interest.

The facts of the case were found almost precisely as stated by the detective. The judge had been delayed much beyond the time anticipated, by an accumulation of business, and it was already dark when he reached the Ten-Mile Woods. Here he picked up a traveler, who attempted to shoot him, and would have done so had not his pistol missed fire.

The old gentleman had considerable muscular strength left, and he grasped the man, and a furious struggle followed, terminating by the parties rolling under the heels of the mare, that kicked the assassin with almost fatal violence, and then broke away.

Left to themselves, the judge easily disengaged himself and started homeward. He freely confessed that he was thoroughly frightened, and instead of keeping to the road, he traveled across lots, wandering astray, and reaching his distracted household in the small hours of the morning.

The interview was very cordial, and when Fred bade the old gentleman "good-day," Florence went with him to the door, there took hold of his hand, and, just as he had prayed for, turned her deep blue eyes up to him, and said :

"I thank you for your promptness in coming to us when we were in distress. To-morrow evening there is to be gathering of a few friends here, and you must promise me that you will come."

"I promise you," replied the young lawyer, who felt that it would have been a pleasure to have promised his life to such an enchanting lady.

(For continuation, see page 26.)

### MADELINE'S LOVER.

"You are not happy, Miss Madeline."

"Not happy, Colonel Laurence! What do you mean?"

There was a palpable annoyance in her tone, which thoroughly disconcerted him. He had made the above assertion almost involuntarily, and now scarcely knew how to proceed.

"Forgive me," he ventured at last, very humbly.

She bowed a cold assent, and sank back into the large crimson chair with an air of real indifference. How lovely she looked to the man who had watched her, the firelight shimmering fantastically over the slender figure, the sad little face. Dear Madeline!

He was sick and faint with the longing to take her in his arms, to kiss away the lines about the wistful little mouth; to teach her to smile—she smiled now, to be sure, but not as he longed to see her; to keep her safe from all the adverse winds of fate. She was not fit, he said to himself, to bear trouble—least of all, such trouble as this. Why had she not loved him instead of that fool? Here he checked himself. The man she loved was not a fool; he was only too clever, too brilliant. Why had not heaven given him more brains and less heart? She might have loved him, then, instead. Of what use was it that he had the courage of a lion, the strength of one, and, alas! that he was little wiser than one?

Poor Colonel Laurence! His rugged, yet not unhandsome face, which had never blanched in times of direst peril, was white with suffering now. To think that she loved a man who, he felt convinced, did not love her; to see her growing mistrust of this; to watch her growing sadder and paler day by day—it was too much. He would speak, no matter what came of it.

"Madeline," he began, hurriedly, "I don't be angry with me, but I wish to say something to you. You know that I love you—hush, child, you know it! I love you; you are soon to be married, and when you are married you will suffer—how much I dare not think! I want you to promise me that when trouble comes you will look upon me as your friend. You will die, my dearest," he went on, passionately, "if you go on in this way, shutting up your misery in your own heart, trusting no one, fighting out your battles alone. Remember that I am a man, and can help you when you cannot help yourself. Remember that I know more of the world than you do—that my eyes see things which yours cannot see—"

"Stop! What do you know? You must, you shall tell me!"

She had risen to her feet, and now stood before him, with such wild misery in her eyes that he hated himself for what he had said.

"Nothing, believe me, except—"

And here, being absurdly truthful, he blundered and hesitated. How could he tell her that he believed that the man she was to marry cared only for her money?

"Except what?"

"Nothing." Then he added with sudden desperation, "Madeline, if you knew that the man you loved did not love you, would you marry him?"

She reeled under his words as if they had been blows; then she recovered herself, and said in a low whisper:

"I would not."

"Would you take any other evidence against him than that of your own senses?"

"I would not."

"Madeline, will you forgive me for all I have said to-night, and look upon me as your friend, if you ever need one?"

"If I ever need one—yes." And, turning away from him with a smile which was pitiful to see, she went out of the library, and climbed slowly up the great staircase. When the echo of her last footfall had died away, Colonel Laurence stepped through the long window into the garden.

It was late autumn, and the night air was chill, but he scarcely knew it. He was too thoroughly wretched to care much about any-

thing just then. If this sort of thing went on much longer, he felt that he should go mad. What a fool he had been to stay where she was so long! Yes, he would go. She was to be married next week, and it would be worse than death to see that. If he could only help her it would be worth while to stay.

At this moment a voice fell on his ear—a voice which came apparently from the other side of the hedge which he had been walking beside; a carefully suppressed voice, yet he knew it in an instant. It said, "You have no pity, Arnold."

He held his breath, with mingled hope and fear, until the answer came.

"No, Florence, I have none—none for you, none for myself, none for her."

"She does not love you as I do."

"Yes, she does. Rich women do not marry poor men for anything else but the strongest love. I am going to marry her next week, Florence."

There was a plaintive sob by way of reply, then passionate kisses and caressing words.

Colonel Laurence staid to hear no more, but, with set face and darkly-gleaming eyes, he turned upon his heel, and strode away toward the house, unheard, for the ground was covered with a moist carpet of fallen leaves. His brain was in a tumult. He was sorely tempted. Chance, or, it might be, Providence had led him to this particular place, and revealed to him the treachery of his darling's lover, and her most loved and trusted friend, Florence Wareham.

Should he tear the veil from her eyes, and, in doing this, perhaps break her heart? No, a thousand times no! And yet he was given a chance of winning her, and he would not cast it aside. Sooner or later she would get over this sorrow, and come to him for comfort. Poor dove! Poor little one! It was better to know the truth now than when it was too late.

Where should he find her? A hasty search revealed the fact that she was not in the parlor, nor in the music-room. Ah, perhaps she had returned to the library.

Upon this thought he went there quickly, and found her. She was sitting once more in the large crimson chair, and, as the fire flashed up, he saw that there were tears upon her lashes. A sudden fear came to him at sight of her—that if he did not make haste the two in the garden would be gone. If they should be, there was no more hope for him.

"Madeline, do you care to be convinced by the evidence of your own senses?"

He was at her side, bending over her, his eyes like points of flame. She knew what he meant, and rose instantly, saying :

"Go on; I will follow."

The earth seemed to reel beneath her feet, the stars wavered to and fro in the pale azure vault above her—there was a rushing sound like thunder in her ears, but she walked steadily and noiselessly after him down the garden-path.

As for him, he had but one thought. "Pray heaven we be not too late." Coming slowly up the path were two people—Arnold Major and Florence Wareham. His arm was about her; her golden head, from which the dark cloak had slipped, lay upon his shoulder. He was talking to her softly—yes, very softly; but the ear which knew every infection of that voice, caught the words which he was repeating over and over again :

"My darling! my darling!"

At this instant the wan moon came out from behind a cloud, and, stepping forward, Madeline confronted the two traitors to her love.

"The house would have been more comfortable, and if you had only let me know, you should not have been disturbed."

She was whiter than the dead; even her lips and her eyes were lit with the fires of utter despair, but she spoke in an even, albeit a harsh voice.

"If you had only let me know," she repeated.

Florence had given a little scream when she saw who stood before them; but now she only trembled, and hid her face upon Arnold Major's breast. And he—he did not tremble, but a look of mingled rage, sorrow and unutterable relief was on his face.

"I do not ask you to forgive us," he said. "We have sinned against you greatly, and you have a right to scorn and hate us. It is best that we have been discovered, for I should only have made you miserable, Madeline. I was not worthy of your love."

And he drew the trembling Florence aside, in order that she whom they had injured might pass.

"Give me your arm, Colonel Laurence," said Madeline, calmly, and walked past them without a word.

Ten minutes later they stood in the library for the third time that evening.

"Do you forgive me, Madeline?" faltered the soldier.

"Yes; and, more than that, I thank you."

Ah, if there had only been something in her manner to lead him to hope!

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"Will you marry me?"

"If you wish it."

He fell on his knees with a great sob, and taking hold of her dress between his hands, kissed it.

"May heaven," he said, softly, "teach me how to comfort her!"

At this point two big tears fell on his face—then another and another. He rose and stood before her.

"When you want me, send for me, my dearest," he said, and left her.

A year from that day she married him.

A BLOCK of granite has been quarried at Monson, Mass., 260 feet long, 11 feet wide and 4 feet thick, containing 16,400 cubic feet and weighing 1,288 1-8 tons. To cut it from the rocks, 1,104 holes were drilled on a line parallel with the front edge.

### THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

MISS BRADDON, in an article entitled "Whose Fault is It?" published in the August issue of the London monthly, *Belgravian*, apologizes in the following fashion for the existence of that fast specimen of femininity, "The Girl of the Period":

"The modern young man, with a selfishness as shortsighted as—selfishness which is always shortsighted, has desired all the delights of life. He likes the society of the venal Cynthia of the minute, as his forefathers have done before him; but it has seemed to him too much trouble to disguise that liking, in deference to the feelings of purer Cynthia, as his forefathers did before him. When Junius wished to brand the Duke of Grafton with ineffable shame, he charged him with having flattered Miss Parsons before the offended eyes of royalty; now-a-days such a reproach would seem the emptiest oration truism. The royalty of virtuous womenhood is offended every day by a procession of Miss Parsons. Everywhere Miss Parsons is followed and worshipped. At a convention, on parade of Brighton, or in lamp-lit gardens of Scarborough, in opera-house and on race-course, abroad or at home, the Parsonian worship is always going on. Miss Parsons has her matins and her vespers, her choral services at five o'clock, her gatherings at all hours and all places. The bells are always pealing that call the faithful of the Parsonian creed. And woman's poor little stock of logic only enables her to frame one fatal syllogism: Miss Parsons is admired; Miss Parsons is beloved. Therefore, to be like Miss Parsons is to be admirable and lovable.

"But it seems because that the faithful have worshipped at the Parsonian altar, they want some brief respite from Parsons, something anti-Parsonian—in medical parlance, a gentle alternative. In the society of virtuous women they seek that mild and somewhat vapid draught which shall quench the fever of palates inflamed by the fiery Parsonian beverage, the soda-water which shall cool their over-stimulated system, and refresh them to—return to Parsons. And not finding this, which they had every right to expect they should find, they are angry, and scream wild denunciations against the women who prefer even to be a kind of spurious champagne than the useful vapid soda-water. It is the old story of the Hetaerae and the Menagere over again; but the educated Englishwoman is not of the stuff which makes those placid slavish Grecian housekeepers; they will not consent to be the *pis aller* of the sated Parsonian devotee. All this she might have been, all this it is possible she was unconsciously—nay, even happily, until that evil hour in which her lord—too selfish, too lazy and luxuriant to be decent in his depravity—permitted her to see and to become familiar with the goddess of his once secret worship. But this she will never be again. His hand has offered her the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and she has eaten, and is fatally wise. Lala may still adore, with Prhyne he may still consort, but he shall no more spend his days with Lucretia, and his nights with Lala. Lucretia is gone; she has vanished from off the face of his earth. The spinning-wheel at which she sat with her maidens is a fashion that has passed, a tale that is told. And suddenly he discovers the disappearance of this outraged Lucretia, scared away by his obtrusive vices, and is angry because he cannot have as much as he pleases of Lala, and a little of Lucretia too—just enough to impart the piquancy of contrast to Lala. It is surely hard upon him. Let him sit down and gravely ponder the text: 'Thou canst not serve God and Mammon.' In things spiritual, as in things temporal, shall this truth prevail, and while the Englishman bows the knee in the temple of Belial, the doors of that other temple, whose shrine is the sanctuary of peace and purity, shall be closed against him."

### ORIGIN OF THE WORD "CLUB."

THE word *club* has puzzled the brain of many an acute etymologist and of many a lazy speculator who is content to wonder on for ever as to what in the world so odd, and abrupt, and compact a monosyllable might originally mean, and where in the world it dropped from, to become a euphonious part of English, and latterly of almost universal speech.

Bailey, a veteran lexicographer, defines a club—which he identifies with the Saxon *clubbe*, and associates with the Latin *clava*—as (1) a great thick stick; and (2) an assembly of good fellows. The verb *to club* comes, according to the same authority, from the Saxon *cléowan*, to cleave, and refers to the division of expenses amongst the members, where it was expected of "every man to pay an equal share." Skinner is of the same opinion; deriving the verb *to club* from the Anglo-Saxon *cléofan*, *clendre*, to cleave, divide, because the expenses are divided into shares or portions. To club is thus, with him, to contribute a share or portion; and a club is an assembly of persons, contributing each his share or portion. Noah Webster, as becomes his diluvian Christian name, is more recondite, and quotes the Welsh *clapa* as a probable derivation. On the whole, we are rather inclined to favor the theory of Webster; for if it be allowed, it will help us somewhat to get out of another difficulty which it requires a dashing decision to solve. We refer to the question of the antiquity of clubs. For if the modern word be a direct descendant of one similar in sound in the language of the Cymry—a language which has been proved, to the perfect and unanimous satisfaction of the demonstrator himself, to have been the language of our first parents—it would not be too much to assume that Adam had invented the word to describe the important little community of which he was the President, and of which Eve, according to Euripides and Milton, was the Vice.

### THE HANDEL ORGAN.

THE great organ in the orchestra of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, is of colossal proportions and unprecedented power. Some idea may be entertained of its magnitude when it is stated that it stands on more ground than is allotted to most ordinary houses, its width being 40 feet, its depth 30. The organ, therefore, covers a superficies of 1,200 feet. It contains 4,510 sounding pipes, varying in size from 32 feet in length, with a diameter sufficient to admit easily the passage of a man's body, to less than one inch in length, with the bore of an ordinary quill. In order to place these 4,510 pipes efficiently at the performer's disposal, at least 6,800 other separate working parts are necessary, many of these being complete machines in themselves, and the entire mass weighs 50 tons. The famous organ at Haarlem—one of the largest and most powerful ever erected—contains only 4,088 pipes, being 420 less than the Crystal Palace organ; while those who have heard both instruments do not hesitate to say that the latter is far more powerful. There are four complete rows of keys in the organ, having a compass of 52 notes, and commanding a distinct department. The necessary quantity of wind is supplied and distributed by 22 pairs of bellows. In the supply of air, the remainder acting merely as reservoirs in determining and regulating the pressure at which it is delivered to the various wind-chambers.

### THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS.

PROFESSOR SILLIMAN, the younger, recently, in the course of an interesting lecture, alluded to certain antediluvian creatures; among others the lizard saurian, containing 16,400 cubic feet and weighing 1,288 1-8 tons. To cut it from the rocks, 1,104 holes were drilled on a line parallel with the front edge.

The giant exhibited at Ronen, in 1830, that measured 18 feet; then follows the names of authorities, with the altitudes of those they cite as having had corporeal existence.

Gorapinus saw a girl that measured 10 feet.

The giant Galabria, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Caesar, was 10 feet high.

Fannum, who lived in the time of Eugene II, measured 11 1-2 feet.

The Chevalier Scrogg, in his voyage to the peak of Teneriffe, found in one of the caverns of that mountain the head of Gunich, who had 60 teeth, and was not less than 15 feet high.

The giant Ferregus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was 23 feet high.

In 1814, near St. Germain, was found the tomb of the giant Isoren, who was 30 feet high.

In 1850, near Rouen, was found a skeleton of a giant whose skull held a bushel of corn, and who was 19 feet high.

The giant Bacart was 22 feet high; his thigh bones were found in 1804, near the river Môder.

In 1822, near the castle in Dauphine, a tomb was found 30 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 8 feet high, on which was cut in gray stone these words: "Kintolue Rex." The skeleton was found entire, 25 1-4 feet long, 10 feet across the shoulders, and 5 feet from the breast bone to the back.



PAYING PENSIONS AT THE SUB-TREASURY IN NEW YORK—WIDOWS OF SOLDIERS RECEIVING THEIR PENSIONS.—SEE PAGE 29.

## A WOMAN OF NERVE.

The Apple (Ill.) Index has the following :

"We learn from Miss Anderson that Mrs. Elias Colyer, a widow lady, living about three and a half miles south of this village, a week from last Saturday night killed an immense wild cat. The circumstances as we get them are as follows: For two or three nights preceding Saturday the family noticed that the house dog had kept up a great noise just back of the garden, but no particular attention was paid to him until the night in question, when, from the dog's excessive demonstrations, the lady determined to investigate the cause of the trouble. She went to the place from whence the barking proceeded, and discovered something jumping from tree to tree, but in the darkness could not distinguish what it was. She returned to the house for her lantern, and went back to the grove, when she found that the animal—which proved to be a wild cat of the largest species—had engaged the dog in combat, but immediately on seeing the light released itself from the dog and made a spring for Mrs. Colyer, who had upon starting from the house a second time armed herself with a broken-tined pitchfork. When the animal sprang, the lady assumed a position known in military language as "guard against infantry," and on alighting the "varmint" found himself impaled on the broken tine of the fork, which had entered the creature's throat and penetrated the skull, wounding the brain mortally. Mrs. Colyer deserves a pension for her bravery, and we recommend some of the weak-nerved fastidious ladies of this place that they spend a few days with her, taking lessons in the art of self-defense."

danger is apparent, it lowers its sails, draws in its rudder, crawls into its shell, and sinks immediately into deeper water. Unfortunately, there is no truth in this pleasant story. Like the commonest Cephalopod, the Argonaut crawls about on the bed of the sea; but when it swims, which it certainly does, like the majority of its relations, with great speed, it lays its sail-like tentacles close to the shell, strikes out the others straight before it, and, forcing the water through its siphon tube, shoots backward through the sea. As it is quite loose in its shell, many naturalists believed that it was a parasite, which, after killing the right owner, took possession of it in the same way as the Hermit crab. It has, however, been satisfactorily proved that this is not the case, for it can reproduce its shell if injured, and the young reveal traces of the shell in the egg. There are varieties of the Argonaut in the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean.

The Nautilus, which also live in an external shell, are Cephalopods of a very peculiar description. Here the huge arms provided with suckers disappear, and a large mass of contractile fine tentacles is substituted for them. The handsome, pearly, spiral shell is divided into a large number of chambers by partition walls, which have a funnel-shaped hole through the centre. In the first and most spacious of these chambers the nautilus dwells; but it sends a tube of communication through all the holes in the partition walls to the extreme end of the spiral shell. The use of this siphon and the numerous chambers is still but little known, and this probably is produced by the great rarity of the animal. Although the empty shell is often found off the Moluccas, on the coast of New Guinea, and elsewhere in the Indian Ocean, swimming on the sea, or tossed ashore, Dumont d'Urville, in spite of all his trouble and promises, could not obtain a single living specimen from the islanders. At

a later date his wishes were satisfied by the kindness of the Viceroy of the Moluccas. The nautilus doubtless live at a great depth, and hence come very rarely into our possession.

What, however, renders these animals specially interesting, is the fact that they are the only living representatives of a race which once occupied the bed of the primeval ocean, and whose fossil remains offer the naturalist a series of historic plates, by which he can recognize the great age of our planet. What are the ruins three or four thousand years old, which evince the former grandeur of nations that have died out, when compared with these medals of the creation, each of which carries us back for millions of years.

Cephalopods with straight or curved, many-chambered shells, separated by unbored partition walls, appear among the earliest animals that populated the globe. The Silurian strata reveal to us several speci-

mens, but these first species soon disappear from the scene, and their place is supplied in the Devonian strata by others, which again yield to later families in the coal formation, where the Goniatites attain their greatest specific development.

With the coal formation, the Orthoceras, Cyrtoceras and Phragmoceras disappear; and of all the Cephalopods then existing, only the nautilus remain, to which Ammonites are joined in the Trias group. These first Ammonites have most peculiar partition-walls, very different from those of the upper strata. With the Trias, the Cephalopods living at that period, disappear in their turn, and their place is taken in the Jurassic formation that covers them, by a large quantity of perfectly new varieties. Amid new Nautilidae, appear many conical Belemnites, and numerous Ammonites with serrated partition-walls of wondrous diversities of shape. They covered all the seas with their frequently gigantic varieties, anything like which the present period of creation cannot display, although at that time they formed perfect strata.

## NAUTILUS AND SEA-SNAIL.

Old and more modern poets have repeatedly sung the voyages of the Argonaut, which by its example first led man to the idea of navigation; with its two arms spread out in a fin-like shape for sails, the six others paddling in the water, the keel of its graceful shell furrows the surface of the placid ocean. But so soon as a breath of wind ripples the sea, or the slightest



THE COAL MINE CALAMITY—THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 21.

IT is estimated that the immigration into Minnesota will reach from 75,000 to 100,000 during 1869; and the present total population of the State cannot be much less than 475,000.